



# WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

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May 6, 1952

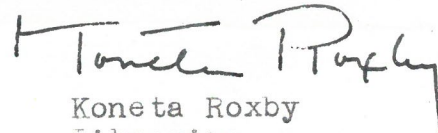
Dear Mr. Scully:

We are so sorry to learn that you are ill and hope that you will soon be better.

We will look forward to your coming over for lunch and a visit whenever you are ready. By "we" I mean your admirers who will not heckle you. Three of them are animators and three are on the library staff and we are all "true believers." So do get well fast and come to see us.

With best wishes for health and luck,

Cordially yours,

  
Koneta Roxby  
Librarian

John Noe  
191 East Center St.  
Berea, Ohio

May 16, 1952

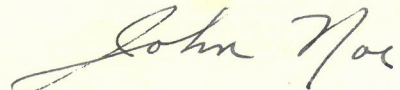
Dear Mr. Scully,

I have been making a full research on the "Flying Saucers" for a history project. In doing so I read your book Behind the Flying Saucers and your artical in the Coronet magazine.

So as to have a more rounded report would you please send me full details on the interior of the "Saucer" inside which 16 men were found dead. Also please send me more details of the clothing and physical features of the operators of the "Flying Saucer".

I can only thank you very much for your co-operation and assure you that your added material will improve the report immensely.

Yours With Deepest Appreation,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Noe".

John Noe



May 20 1952

Dear Mr. Armstrong:-

Thank you for your letter of May 6th.

Just why I should answer your letter out of hundreds that have piled up and all but snowed me under I don't know, but I'm answering it. It's a gracious, well-written and serious inquiry.

1. My confidence in the disclosures of Dr. Gee has gone up and down but in recent months it naturally has gone up what with Life practically repeating our story and claiming the tacit approval of the Air Force. At least they have not got a denial later, which is what happened to all the other collaborators.

a. That radio set. All I gave in the book is still about all I know. I have seen new and larger antennas built on it in the hope of getting better reception and I have been told it can tune in on anything on earth, but the difficulties of reception from outside our atmosphere are still there. I haven't seen the instrument in 18 months however.

b. The gear ratio. Perhaps I should have said that it was unfamiliar to Dr. Gee's group of engineers. That the gears do not allow for any play still puzzles everybody, though some claim the ratio is no mystery. However, the gears have gone out of circulation and I haven't seen those in a year.

c. That matter of electro-magnetism as a defense weapon is still highly classified though there have been press releases now and then which seem to me to come awfully close to what it is all about.

2. No I can't disclose the identity of Dr. Gee and his associates because they have been roused pretty badly by the Air Materiel Command and don't want it from private sources as well. If the Brass want to release his name they are under no obligation of confidence. I am. Perhaps in a year or two Dr. Gee's financial position will be sufficiently bettered that he can afford to throw off a mantle imposed on him.



~~to any wedding guest who so much as sits on a neighboring stone.~~

These 3. I didn't mean to be insistent on Venus as the source of these saucers. There must be thousands of planets in other solar systems approximating conditions on ours. Dr. Gee's group surmised Venus, but don't insist either. I have rather thought that the logic of smallness favored Venus for the simple reason that you can look at a field of maize and where it was exposed to the sun it went as high as 6 and 8 feet, but where it was under the shadow of say an apple tree it didn't grow more than two or three feet. Venus too, is under a perpetual shadow, and any life there could for that reason be smaller. Whether any life is there, or not, is pure surmise, as you say. Your query in this regard can be answered simply. Yes. That is that the saucerians could be colonists from outside the solar system, reconnoitering the earth to find out if it has the right atmosphere for them.

4. If I am hard on Willie Ley and Chesley Bonestell I didn't mean to be. They both have done valiant work and incidentally, in America at least, have had tremendous recognition. My objection to jet or any other type of propulsion is that it takes so much to get anywhere. I don't like to be sold buggy whips in the age of automobiles or orckets in an age of magnetic propulsion. But the army is all on the side of rockets and most people are on the side of the army.

And thanks again for your gracious enquiries.

Faithfully always,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY



59 Munson Street,  
Greenfield, Mass.  
May 23, 1952.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scully,  
Hollywood, California.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Scully:

It was good to have your letter and I do hope that this finds things going better in terms of health. So sorry to hear that Mr. Scully had an unpleasant time of it for a while during the past winter. We do not often drive to Northampton, Mass., but if we are through there in the next few weeks we will stop at Smith and ask for your daughter. How very interesting it would be to meet her. We have our older girl, Barbara Anne, in Goddard College in Vermont this year and our younger, Judy (14) at Stoneleigh Prospect Hill School in Greenfield. Do you plan to be out this way at graduation time? If so, why not stop in on us here in Greenfield for lunch, or if in the evening, stay over night? We have an extra room and bath and would be delighted to see you.

I am taking the liberty of enclosing another "flying saucer" clipping from Mr. Schofield's column in the May 5th. Boston Traveler. This will, I feel sure, intrigue you both for the object is so different from any so far reported. In fact, the only other such ring-shaped saucer I ever heard of was in connection with an article in the Febr.-March FATE magazine, entitled, "Steep Rock Saucer". I had made a tape-recording of Mr. Barley's story-- an interview between Mr. Barley and myself-- and a copy of this recording has been sent to the CSI in Los Angeles. Mr. Richard Williams of that organization wrote back to say that they had one other such report and that from Hamilton, Ontario. ("Steep Rock Lake" is also in Ontario, by the way.) Greenfield has become something of a "flying saucer center", it would appear. To date, since last August, there have been three different sightings of saucers and two of the famous green fireballs. What does it all mean?

Thank you again for your friendly letter and do come to see us if you can do so.

Sincerely,



Albert H. Baller



Dr. med. O. Hess  
Nervenarzt  
Stuttgart 13  
Traubergstr. 34  
Telefon ~~42238~~  
40364

Stuttgart, 28. 5. 52

Mr. Frank Scully,  
Hollywood - Correspondent of the stage newspaper  
"Variety"  
Hollywood near Los Angeles / Cal.

Dear Mr. Scully:

Occupied for decades with astronomy, especially the <sup>interested</sup> habitableness of other planets, I've been extraordinarily in your book, called "the hunting after the flying saucers," which recently appeared in Holland.

Thereby my assertion, that the whole universe will be inhabited, has been verified. The fidelity of conviction, with which your book has been written, deeply impressed me, because the things, told there, surely will be the greatest event since the existence of mankind.

After a longer silence here and there, again are appearing the flying saucers, in Korea and at other places, and their existence never again can be denied. -

Well in the last time there appeared an article, by which your book, especially the human beings found in the space ships, have been ridiculed, resp. banished to the realm of fables.

As I'm very much interested in this matter for purpose of own study, I kindly request you to tell me, if you fully maintain still to-day your reports, contained in this book,



(especially the human beings), resp. if there have been proved other interpretations for you and your authorities. -

If you would early answer my questions and could send me any positive news about this matter, I should be very much obliged to you.

Kindly greeting you, I remain  
yours faithfully

Dr. Otto Hess,

Stuttgart, Traubergstr. 34.



If these people can look so compassionately and pityingly upon the small creatures, whose bodies they carry, what must have been the expressions on the faces of Dr. Gee and his companions as they carried the lifeless bodies of the real Saucerians from their grounded ships?

(By the way, these little characters are about the same size as the real Saucermen. Could this illustration be, in itself, a part of the huge public conditioning process that is going on all around us? The science fiction fan will be the one to be conditioned first, by the very nature of his interests, and science fiction has certainly become popular in the last year or two. Nobody can tell us that this isn't deliberate. The United States government is in back of this huge organization and is responsible for the bait that fishes such as we are getting hooked by. We have been as deliberately conditioned as anyone else and in turn are conditioning others because the government wants us to. We don't mind taking the bait, we're glad to in fact, but we sure would like to get on the inside of that opaque door. How about it Mr. scully, think there is much chance for us? We are both loyal Americans and we would be glad to undergo the most thorough investigations of our records.

And we sure as hell want to meet those little men, we'd want to meet them even if they looked like the little critters on this illustration.)



1216 Franklin Circle  
Kalamazoo, 26, Michigan  
June 4th, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully;

Could you please send us some data on the working mechanisms of the flying Saucers. We have been doing a good deal of research on them & can account for the following:-

1. The strange glowing
2. " incredible speeds
3. " trail of sparks

Signed sincerely

Jim Hunter

&  
Dave Tripf

P.S. We are sincerely interested and are not crackpots.





# SAN DIEGO SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

3522 UNION, SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA • TELEPHONE J-2543

June 5, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
c/o Variety  
6311 Yucca Street  
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Scully,

I have a proposition for you. We would like to have you attend our convention of Science Fiction readers, writers, and editors in San Diego on June 28 and 29 at the U.S. Grant Hotel. This will be quite an event, as we are turning a major part of our program over to the Flying Saucer. Since you are an authority on this matter, and since you have published a well read book on this matter, we feel that you are a logical person to appear. No money can be paid for this discussion, but you will ahve our thanks. That is not much I know. If you can't attend could you make a tape recording of your views, or secure another speaker? The recording may be at either 3 3/4 or 7 1/2. Please let me know at once. I appreciate your taking of your time to read and weigh this matter. A waiting a reply, I remain,

Sincerely

Roger Nelson  
chairman



Bob Riopelle  
11965 Gorham Ave.  
Los Angeles, Cal.  
June 7, 1952

Frank Scully  
%Holt & Co.  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I, and my colleagues, have all read your book  
"Behind The Flying Saucers" and we agree with  
you on most points. We have been studying flying  
saucers for some time. We have been wondering  
if we could talk you into giving us a picture and  
a little information on them. The main things  
we would like to know are (1) What the inside of  
a flying saucer looks like. (2) What the reports  
on the flying saucers' composition said, and (3)  
More about their motive power.

We would be much indebted for the information.

Yours truly,

Bob Riopelle

15 years

EDH



8037 Robson Avenue  
Detroit, 28, Michigan  
June 15, 1952

Mr. Francis Joseph Xavier Scully  
910 W. Walnut  
Monrovia, California

or

Mr. F.J. Scully c/o Scully's Scrapbook  
Variety Magazine  
6311 Yucca  
Los Angeles, California

Mr. Scully,

What do you hear from the little men? Aren't they getting rather impatient by now, and anxious to get their public debut under way? After all, the Pentagon has kept them under wraps long enough, and some of us larger characters are getting pretty tired of waiting to meet them. For the past year or more we have been the butts of ridicule and sly comments because of our persistent belief in the existence of these little men and their ships, popularly referred to as flying saucers. But in spite of frequent slurs on our sanity, we just smile, clutch our copies of Behind the Flying Saucers closer to our bosoms, and say, "Like hell we're crazy. Just you wait and see. One of these days you'll be laughing on the other sides of your faces. When you read about it in the headlines of every newspaper in the country, don't say that you weren't given plenty of advance publicity from us."

There is now concrete evidence that the way is being paved to present the boys from Elsewhere (Mars?) to the Great American Public, without throwing it into a wave of lid flipping, including suicides and a rash of premature babies. The flying saucer publicity agents are beginning to operate in force. In the last two weeks both Life and Look have come out with flying saucer items. Bob Montgomery, on his TV show of June 2nd, told his audience to be sure and read the article in Look's June 17th issue. In this issue, the good Dr. Donald Menzel, Harvard astrophysicist, tells us that they may be the products of distortions in the atmosphere or the results of bending light rays. He concludes his article by saying that, "You, too, can have flying saucers in your kitchen sink if you use my technique." Granted that the good doctor can bend light rays in such a manner as to make them resemble the Lubbock Lights and other manifestations credited to flying saucers, but, even so, that does not mean that flying saucers do not exist. As far as we're concerned, that article was written just to stir up public feeling and start the ball rolling. Maybe he can conjure up flying saucer type lights in our kitchen sinks, but let's see him conjure up those little men. Let him try to say that they, too, are results of bent light rays. How ridiculous can you get? He knows damn well that flying saucers are real. He probably wrote ~~the~~ that story with tongue in cheek, knowing just what kind of a reaction it would get. (The desired one, of course, in which the public will rise up on its hind legs and shout, "The hell they're imaginary. I know what I saw, and I saw saucers or my name ain't John Q. Public.") Then what happens next? Life, in its June 9th issue—that came out after Look's June 17th issue—comes out with an article to the effect that its editors believe that, while some saucer manifestations are imaginary, others are real. They even give the reader a coin test to help him in case of sighting a saucer. How come all this helpful information? Does Life expect its readers to be seeing saucers soon? We betcha they do. We betcha that when Operation Skywatch goes into effect,



the flying saucer boys, both small instructors and larger students, or saucer space cadets, will really put on a show for the public benefit. The newspapers will be full of saucer sightings, to go along with their new science fiction comic strips. From Azusa to Angola we'll be seeing saucers or very reasonable facsimiles. Naturally, this will raise the public's interest to a fever pitch. In a few weeks of intensified showing off, the brilliant Tom Thumbs from Elsewhere and their Air Force students can rest assured that the American people will want to know, in the worst way, what in Hades is going on. So, when the government comes out with the great news—perhaps on the Fourth of July, we wouldn't put it past them—that the Western World has made contact with and entered into a friendship pact with an advanced race of men from another planet, popularly referred to as Elsewhere, it won't come as such a shock.

On his program of Sunday June 8th, Predictions of Things to Come, ABC-TV, Drew Pearson stated that the Air Force had in its files, twenty two instances of radar pips that coincided with twenty two ground reports of saucer sightings. He also showed his audience two very similar photographs of flying saucers, taken by two different observers, one in Oregon the other in Brazil, and at two different times. Maybe in a forthcoming show he'll make a prediction about the true nature of the flying saucer story.

Look says that in a forthcoming issue it is going to run a story on how our Air Force secretly hunts for unidentified aircraft. Wonder if it will feature the tenescopes that picked up the trails of the saucers that landed in Aztec, N.M. and near Paradise Valley, Arizona?

And now, Mr. Scully, let's get back to those little men. How do they like lolling around in their specially scaled down quarters, so thoughtfully provided for them by the U.S. Air Force? Are they getting bored with watching old time movies and television westerns? What do they think of the type of science fiction that is found on television, in current movies and in books and magazines? Are they amused by the type of flying saucer speculation that is found in the comic books? Do they take frequent visits back to Elsewhere to see the wife and kids and to keep informed on local Elsewherian news, or do they spend their time lying in the New Mexican sun, acquiring deep tans or freckles, or swimming, in the officers' pool, with Air Force brass, between space flight instructions? How about their students? Have the local Tom Corbetts, recruited from the highest scoring college material, taken well to advance theories on magnetic propulsion in space flight training? Or are some of them still a little raw around the edges, causing worried frowns on the faces of their small instructors, for fear that one of them will, in an unguarded moment, push the wrong button, causing an explosion similar to the two seen over Seattle? Were those really meteors? Or were they exploding saucers? Or were they deliberate manifestations of our newest secret weapon? The one to be shortly announced by the government, that the newspapers hint is the H bomb, but that we think is the knowledge of magnetic disintegration.

Have the little fellows gotten used to being called 'Shorty and Half pint' by self-styled Air Force wits? Do they retaliate with names like 'Monster, Giant, and Ogre' to these same self-styled wits or half wits? How do they get along with the larger characters that they have encountered as a result of their burning desire to travel great distances?



Do they still jump when a six foot two second looie sneaks up behind one of them and says, "Hi, Shorty, what do you hear from Elsewhere?" And what happens when this same second looie hoists one up on his shoulders for a piggy back ride around the officers recreation lounge? Does the little guy grit his perfect teeth, close his eyes and mutter, in his native tongue, "For this I came --- million miles! I should have stayed in bed." ? Or does he enjoy the ride, and after it accompany the shavetail to the PX for a round of good cheer? Perhaps drinking some home brew brought from Elsewhere for the enjoyment of men of two planets. ( Boy, you guys have really got something here. I'll never be able to look at Pabst Blue Ribbon again. How about giving us the formula? )

" Be only too glad to after we straighten out a few details with your government. ")

How have the brilliant Tom Thumbs done in their attempts to conquer the intricacies of the English language? If they are capable of conquering space, surely mother English won't be too difficult. Have the Air Force boys colored their vocabularies by teaching them some choice four letter words? Have they in turn taught the flyboys some colorful Elsewherian phrases, to be used during all night poker games? Have the gentlemen from Elsewhere taken well to the pasteboards? Have they taught the larger characters their favorite card games? How many paychecks have been lost to small but smart cardsharks who may be able to figure out mathematically just what was dealt who and when to call somebody's bluff? How about their sense of humor? It must be pretty well developed or they would go crazy at some of the antics of the more anthropoidal species of homo sapiens. Maybe they are reminded of past history on Elsewhere. Perhaps they are depressed by the follies (not Parisian) of homo Terrestrial, but they may be no worse than past performances of homo Elsewherian. So they probably take it in stride, thinking that the time is near when homo Terrestrial will grow up some more and be in a better position to get along in life without blowing his top. The presence of these men will probably be the best maturing agent possible for the people of Earth. Once realizing that God has vindicated humanity by putting it on more than one planet, man on Earth will receive the shot in the arm to his self esteem that he has needed to put him back on the road to construction rather than destruction. He will be in less of a hurry to wipe himself off the face of his own planet. Maybe he will want to visit Elsewhere. In order to do this it may be necessary for him to mind his manners and put aside his childish quarrels. This will be to everybody's benefit, including the Tom Thumbs.

Now how about the brilliant Tom Thumbelinas? Have they made an appearance at the secret (Ha) White Sands Spacebase? Have they blushed with pleasure at the wolf whistles of certain larger characters, as well as the short boys. Friendly guys that they are, our Air Force men may even have become involved in interplanetary romances. Not to mention short WAGs and Nurses, who, in the course of their duties around the highly secret (Ha) base, may have been impressed by the demeanor and manners of a group of select spacemen who may be as well versed in the art of pleasing ladies as they are in the science of magnetic propulsion for space travel.



Do they still jump when a six foot two second loolie sneaks up behind them and says, "Hi, Shorty, what do you hear from Elsewhere?" And what happens when this same second loolie picks one up and hoists him on his shoulder for

Does the little guy spit his perfect teeth, close his eyes and mutter, "For this I came -- million miles! I should have stayed in bed." Or does he enjoy the ride, and after it accompany the shaver to the bar for a round of good cheer. Perhaps drinking some home brew brought from Elsewhere for the enjoyment of men of two planets. (Boy, you guys have really got something here. I'll never be able to look at Rabbit Blue Ribbon again. How about giving us the formula?)

"Be only too glad to after we straighten out a few details with your government."

How have the brilliant Tom Thumbe done in their attempt to conquer the intricacies of the English language? If they are capable of conquering space, surely another English word is too difficult. Have the Air Force boys colored their vocabularies by teaching them some choice four letter words? Have they in turn taught the flyboys some colorful Elsewhere phrases, to be used during all night poker games? Have the gentlemen from Elsewhere taken well to the pastebords? Have they taught the larger characters their favorite card games? How many gaycheeks have been lost to small but smart cardsharks who may be able to figure out mathematically just what was dealt who and when to call somebody's bluff? How about their sense of humor? It must be pretty well developed or they would go crazy at some of the antics of the more anthropoidal species of homo sapiens. Maybe they are reminded of past history on Elsewhere. Perhaps they are depressed by the follies (not far from) of homo Terrestrial, but they may be no worse than past performances of homo Elsewhere. So they probably take it in stride, thinking that the time is near when homo Terrestrial will grow up some more and be in a better position to get along in life without blowing his top. The presence of these men will probably be the best maturing agent possible for the people of Earth. Once realizing that God has vindicated humanity by putting it on more than one planet, man on Earth will recognize the shot in the arm to his self esteem that he has needed to put him back on the road to reconstruction rather than destruction. He will be in less of a hurry to wipe himself off the face of his own planet. Maybe he will want to visit Elsewhere. In order to do this it may be necessary for him to mind his manners and not calze his childish quavels. This will be to everybody's benefit, including the Tom Thumbe.

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Have there been any interplanetary weddings? Are there any interplanetary children on the way? Human nature being what it is, this would come as no surprise. As the song goes, "A guy issa guy, wherever he may be." (and it only takes six inches) Have the doll-like children of some of these small spacemen paid the base a visit yet? Have they been joggled on the knees of some of the larger female characters, who have 'oohed' and 'aahed' at the sight of them, and compared them to the dolls that they played with as children? (Probably the ~~closest~~ any of these children come to as dolls, in their behavior, are the babies, who may act very much like the Dye Dee dolls, especially shortly after a feeding.)

What are the Elsewherian theories on childcare and feeding? Do the small mothers believe in breast feeding or are they formula converts? What do they think of our women's fashions, and what of their fashions? What type of materials do they use for their clothing? What do they think of the prevalence of obesity on Mrs. America? (What do you think of it, Mr. Scully? Kinda discouraging ain't it?) Have they overcome the dietary and psychological faults that contribute to this obesity? Or are some of the little women wider than they should be, because they, too, live to eat? How about food and its preparation on Elsewhere? Do they cook by magnetic energy? Do they drool over luscious full color tri-dimensional food illustrations in the Saucerian Ladies Home Journals? Do they spend hours over the preparation of this food for father's enjoyment when he comes home after a hard week on Terra teaching certain U.S. Air Force ~~how~~ to be 'for real space cadets'? How about father? Does he growl, when he comes home, and kick the dogs and children out of the way because some 'damn stupid oversized ape' pushed the wrong button and nearly crashed his training ship? Or does he shrug his shoulders and say, philosophically, "Well, what can you expect? They're less than a hundred years removed from the horse and carriage. Everything considered, they are doing as well as can be expected, even better, in some cases. Can't expect them to get caught up on five hundred years of advanced theories overnight. After all, the Grand Canal wasn't built in a day." (Neither was the White Sands Spacebase)

Have some of our own top brass, maybe even the president, been week-end guests on Elsewhere? Have any of them cracked their heads on low hanging doorsills? Do some of them now know what the Grand Canal really looks like? Have they listened to the music of Elsewhere and seen in it any similarity to some of ours, perhaps to Irish folksongs? Have they watched the dancing of these people? Was there any resemblance to it and Pat Rooney's famous waltz clog? (or the 'pixie dances' so famous in Irish folklore?)

Now back to White Sands. In the evening when the day shift's space training flights are completed and all their saucers present and accounted for, Each parked in its designated spot, carefully camouflaged to be concealed from above just in case some local birdman does not observe the 500 mile security off-limits fence that the Government has thrown around White Sands, do the gentlemen from Elsewhere and the local talent cause the rafters to ring with their singing? (The tenor parts probably very ably filled by the smaller members of each quartet) Do the songs range from Irish folksongs, to hillbilly tunes, to popular tunes, both US and Saucerian, to classical and even to the spacegoing version of Bell Bottom Trousers? Entitled maybe Space Boots and Helmet? (Certain larger characters have our own version. It goes like this:



Space Boots and Helmet (to the tune of Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a sweet young maid, who lived on the Grand Canal.  
Her mother was so good to her, her father was just swell.  
Along came a saucerman, newly in from space,  
and he was the cause of her big disgrace.

chorus

With his space boots and helmet, uniform of blue  
he boarded the powerdeck, like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for an astro torch to light his way to bed  
he asked her for a kerchief to wrap around his head  
Bein' a fair young maid 'n not seein' any harm  
She climbed into bed with him to keep the spaceman warm

chorus

With his space boots and helmet, uniform of blue  
he boarded the powerdeck like his daddy used to do.

Early in the morning at the break of day,  
he handed her a galaxy note, an' to her he did say  
"If it is a daughter, if it is a son,  
Here's a little token for the damage that I've done.

chorus

With my space boots and helmet, uniform of blue  
I boarded the powerdeck like my daddy used to do.

If it is a daughter, dress her up in lace,  
if it is a son, send the bast--- out to space  
With his space boots and helmet uniform of blue,  
he'll board the powerdecks like his daddy used to do.

The moral of this story as far as we can see,  
is never trust a spaceman an inch above your knee  
for if you trust a spaceman an inch above your knee,  
soon a lady you may cease to be.

chorus

With his spaceboots and helmet, uniform of blue,  
he'll board the powerdeck like his daddy used to do.

He'll hug you and kiss you and say that you are swell,  
but after he's had his way he'll say, "Now you can go to,  
Mercury or Venus, Jupiter or Mars, anyplace at all out there among the stars,  
But I've a date on Terra, as important as can be, to teach the Air Force  
space cadets Magnetic Energy."

chorus

So With their space boots and helmets, uniforms of blue  
they'll board the powerdecks like their daddies used to do.  
(Only their daddies wore bell bottom trousers. Ah well, so civilization  
progresses, but the nature of man remains the same. (for which the women  
are all thankful)

Us larger characters are just full of ideas. For the next college  
show the plot is going to be on the theme of Hands across Space.  
It would be wonderful if we could get the government to release  
some of the more talented Saucermen for the cast. Otherwise, we'll  
have to rely on the shorter members of the student body at Wayne  
University, the ones who can sing and dance, that is. But, just think,  
Mr. Scully, of the sensation that an attractive three foot tall woman  
would make slithering seductively around one of the larger boys, a  
short Irishman who has already been tentatively selected for the part;



and singing in a slightly accented voice, "Come along Earthman, you can really have fun with me. For I'm just loaded with magnetic energy." Given some encouragement, this thing could become bigger and better than Oklahoma. Honestly, Mr. Scully, we're not crazy, only enthusiastic!

By now you are probably wondering, who the devil these characters are, who have taken it upon themselves to write this letter that presumes so much. We are two students of journalism at Wayne University, Marjorie Morris and John Henderson, who hope to enter the profession, someday, as interplanetary correspondents. (Morris is also a practical nurse on the night shift of a municipal T.B. san, gotta pay for this education somehow and it's fine job for studying interesting personalities, both normal and slightly lid flipped.)

Because we are student journalists, we believed you when you said, in your book Behind the Flying Saucers, that you are of the school of journalism that believes in recording straight facts to the public. Because of this statement, we have defended you on numerous occasions when you were held up for libel. One fellow student of ours, not in journalism, went so far as to say that you were a comedian who wrote for Variety and, "What can you expect from a comedian?" (referring to the little men) We immediately corrected him, harshly, by telling him that you are a professional writer--humorist if you will-- on Variety and that you were not a hoaxer. If you had wished to perpetuate a hoax, using the little men as a basis for this hoax, why haven't you done something about it by now? It's been two years since your book was written. If you had wished to be a hoaxer, with your magazine connections, it would have been easy for you to have hired a troupe of midgets. With all your engineering friends, you could have easily have had them rig up a very reasonable facsimile of a flying saucer as described to you by Dr. Gee. In true P.T. Barnum tradition, you could have toured the country with that show, entitling it perhaps, 'The Amazing Marvel of the Universe, A genuine Flying Saucer and its Crew' or something equally fitting. You would probably be a great deal richer by now, even if you had only traveled with it in the Li'l Abner country.

As far as we know, you have done nothing to retract your story nor have you done any harping on it. You seem to have been a very good boy by minding your own business, lately, by keeping to the writing of your column Scully's Scrapbook. Outwardly, you seem to have been somewhat chastened by the coals that were heaped on your head by literary critics who pooh-pooed your book. It is significant to us, however that the top brass had little more to say about it than 'they could give no official statement on it. They had no idea who Dr. Gee was, They had no record of such a man working for them.' (Although the book stated that Gee was not his real name.) They had no official knowledge of reports of the landing of any flying saucers or of the finding of the bodies of any small crew members. (In other words, they admitted nothing nor denied anything substantial.) We still remember, during World War Two, the many so-called 'unconfirmed reports' of the sinking of our ships and other losses, denied at the time of the first reports but later confirmed on more auspicious occasions. Having really happened at the time of the rumors but kept from public knowledge until a great battle was won or some other military gain had been made, to make the loss easier to take. This sounds like the technique now being used. One of these days there will be a great deal of newspaper or magazine space devoted to a "Now it can be Told" story about the truth behind the flying saucers. You may well be the writer, maybe in collaboration with one of the little men, an Elsewherian journalist, perhaps.



On April 25th we had planned to send a letter to you begging for some concrete evidence from Dr. Gee concerning the physical characteristics of at least one of the little men whose bodies had been removed from the grounded saucers. Here is a direct quotation from that letter.

"We would like a definite statement from you, one way or another. Your book still stands unrepudiated by the government, although it is never mentioned in current flying saucer speculation. It is a fast mover in the public libraries in and around Detroit. Most of them have two copies on hand and one of them is almost always in circulation. It is found in the non-fiction sections of these libraries. Many people, who scoffed before, are rereading it. In the light of recent events, they are no longer scoffing but are giving it careful consideration, especially after we get through talking to them. We would like a definite statement from you, regarding your interviews with Dr. Gee. If they have a factual basis, as we believe, we feel that we have a right to have your personal word on it. Could you answer any of the following questions?

1. We would definitely like to know that what you wrote in your book was factual material, and not written in the attitude of a professional humorist. (We know now that it was factual, but more of that later) We wonder if you actually believe what you wrote to be true. We believe in you, and hope that we have not built our house on sand.

2. Are the general characteristics of the little men, as stated by Dr. Gee, to be taken literally.

3. Did he really believe the ships to be from outer space?

4. Could you get in touch with him now, to get this information from him? Could you get him to give us just one definite physical characteristic of any of the bodies, that were not burned, those in the second ship or the one that landed near Paradise Valley, Arizona?"

( Even now, that we have complete faith in you, I, Morris would be most grateful if you could tell me the color of the hair, if any, and the color of the eyes of the little man whose body was found hanging half out of the ship that landed near Paradise Valley. Surely Dr. Gee must have taken note of them. The vision of that poor little fellow had haunted me since I first read the account of it in your book, more than a year ago. Had I been with Dr. Gee and his companions, when they found that little guy, I would probably have held that small body in my arms and wept over him, perhaps even tried to breath life back into his tortured lungs. Henderson says that this sounds maudlin, but it's the way I feel about it and that's all there is to it. Whoever he was, he must have been loved by some woman. If not by a wife, at least by a mother. Maybe he was the father of children. If, by some miracle, this letter is heeded, and its request is granted, I could think of no greater honor than to be allowed to write his obituary. It would be an honor to learn his name, his age and personal history and perhaps even to meet his family and sympathize with them over their loss, to let them know that it was not in vain, that even among the aliens on the planet where he died there was at least one, maybe many other readers, who felt deeply enough about his death to have shed bitter tears over it. There is compassion among us on Earth, even though some of us are pretty savage at times. There are others who saw in him the counterpart of one of our own spacemen, who may have dragged his decompression tortured body to the hatch of that ship in a final agonized effort to look upon or to touch the soil of another world.



Sometimes, while asleep there comes a dream in which I see a silvery disc shaped ship shimmering in the hot desert sunlight. The hatch is open and hanging from it is the limp figure of a man, head down and arms outstretched against its hull. Did Dr. Gee notice whether those small hands were clenched in pain? Were his lips bloody from being bitten in an effort to keep from screaming out during his death throes. As a nurse, I've seen people die in agony. It's not pretty. Were his eyes wide and staring or were they glazed over with film? When this news breaks, will he be one of those spacemen to be buried at White Sands? If so, I'd be willing to hitchhike there just to place a wreath upon his grave. It doesn't matter that he was much smaller than the men that I'm used to seeing, or that his head may have been large for his body, or that he was beardless and possibly bald. He was human and that's all that counts. God knows, we have enough weird looking characters right here on Earth, all of whom fall within the range of 'normalcy', many of whom I've had as patients, for me to be bothered if that little guy didn't look like a miniature movie glamor boy. Even though he died at the end of the long journey, it must have been a glorious feeling to sail through space. What did he and his buddy talk about on that last flight from Elsewhere? Did they laugh and joke between themselves and make bets as to which of them was to be the first to put his feet on the soil of our planet. Perhaps it was their haste to set foot upon Earth that killed them. Perhaps they were overconfident of their ability to adjust to our atmosphere, why else no spacesuits? Was it this human error that shortened lives that may otherwise have enjoyed excellent treatment at the hands of Air Force hosts? For I'm sure that the Air Force men would have treated them well had they found them alive. If the Saucerians were friendly, the AF men and Dr. Gee and his friends would probably have been only too glad to show them open friendship and hospitality. The beer and pretzel kind-with the top brass of course it would be champagne. They would probably have admired their ship and extravagantly praised the little guys' ability to conquer space, in such a way as to overcome the barrier of language difficulties. (Christ, boys, how did you do it? We've been dreaming about space travel for years but the closest we have come ~~is~~ to it is our knowledge of jet propulsion.)

These men are very real to Henderson and I, no matter how many others dispute their existence. Through an ancient exodus, they may even be blood relations to some of us on Earth. We cannot look upon them as aliens but see them as smaller brothers to us Earthlings. We both have felt grief over the deaths of the small spacemen and I, Morris, have wept over them. Wept because they died before they could enjoy the realization of the dream that I have held close to my heart all my life. Ever since early childhood, as a little girl marveling over the adventures of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon, I prayed that someday I would be transported to the age of space conquest. Maybe the Almighty had set a mark upon me then, for I am not above believing that there are those chosen for a destiny not made by their own hands. Perhaps my destiny, and Henderson's too, as he is also of the same mind, to use the power of language to help foster and build understanding where there might otherwise be misunderstanding and suspicion.

mic



People have laughed at me because I believe in the existence of these space pioneers, but I laugh right back at them and say, "Someday I'll introduce you to one of these fellows" and they say, "O.K. Bring one around when you get the chance. I'd like to shake hands with him, but I still think you're crazy." Yet I have complete faith that someday I will introduce one of these Brilliant Tom Thumbs to my doubting friends, and when that day comes they won't be afraid of him but will gladly shake hands with him. (While I thumb my nose at them, over the little guy's head, for their skepticism)

If any of the uninitiated were to read this letter, they would probably think that the writers were ready for the Paddy wagon, but you, Henderson, I, and by now hundreds of 'authorized personnel' know better. You may even have seen the bodies or coffins of some of the dead spacemen by now. You have probably shaken hands with some of their living compatriots.

For that privilege I would be willing to hitchhike barefoot to your offices at Variety. I'd do it, too. Just drop me a two penny postcard with "Come on, kid" written on it, and I'd come. For I've that much faith in you and Dr. Gee and the little men. To have one or two of these brilliant Tom Thumbs or Thumbelinas as house guests would make me forget all about the callouses and sunburn that such a trip would entail. They'd be treated well, too. Not as creatures to be stared at by the curious, but as friends to be shown the points of interest of a large and fascinating city.

The automobile factories, the Edison Institute, and Greenfield Village are places that would afford these visitors many hours of pleasure. Think of the fun they could have inspecting the old cars and locomotives at the Institute. Tom Edison's workshop would be another place that they would enjoy browsing through. They would surely enjoy watching the new cars come off the production lines at the Ford Rouge Plant. The Detroit Historical Museum, the Art Institute, The Main Branch of the Public Library, the campus of Wayne University, including the city room of the Detroit Collegian, The Zoo, Belle Isle, and the roof of the Penobscot Building are places that would certainly be interesting to them, as they would be to any tourists. They would undoubtedly get a big kick out of visiting the Vernor's Ginger Ale plant at the foot of Woodward Avenue. Wonder what they'd think of the little men on the Vernor's advertisements? Wonder what the Vernor's people would think of them? Of course they'd also have to see the new Veterans' Memorial Building of which all of Detroit is very proud. Too bad they couldn't have been around last year during the city's 250th year celebration. It was quite a party. There are several boat cruises they could take, including one to BobLo Island Park in Canada. Perhaps they would like to see Detroit's skyline from across the river in Windsor. They would probably enjoy a ride across the Ambassador Bridge. Couldn't you see the expressions on the Customs Inspectors' faces when they asked the little guys their places of birth and got Mars or Venus as answers. And then there are the Hospitals. First stop Herman Kiefer for a visit with the night staff. Would be quite a sensation to have them drop around for three am coffee. Miss King, one of the chief skeptics would most likely fall on her face at the sight of them. She's the kind that wouldn't believe it even if they landed on the roof of the hospital on one of their saucers. She'd have to take a trip into space before she would believe what we know to be true already. As a TB nurse to an ex TB patient, wouldn't it be wonderful, Mr. Scully, if these Saucerians have and could give us the cure for Tuberculosis. For that they could have a 99 year lease on the entire state of Texas.



It would serve the Texans right, too. Always bragging about how big everything is out there. Which brings to mind the latest joke in Saucer circles. "It seems there was a flying saucer that had hit a fault zone in Oregon and was having a hard time making a landing. After much maneuvering it finally reached ground safely, and a crew of small men emerged from its hull. One of the observers on the ground walked up to one of the little men and said, 'My, but you guys are little. What are you Martians?' The little man smiled and said, 'I'm the only Martian in the bunch the rest are Texas Space Cadets with the Sh--- scared out of them.' Sounds familiar doesn't it. Now back to Detroit and those hospitals. The Saucerians would probably look upon many of our newest medical and surgical advances and techniques as slightly antiquated but it would still do them well to see what they are. Maybe we have some medical discoveries that they could use and they certainly must have overcome some of the diseases that still baffle us. A small surgeon's hands might be able to reach places in the the body of an Earth patient that the larger hands of our own doctors still find inaccessible. Working together medical men of the two planets could probably save many lives now thought doomed by lack of skill to save them. It would certainly be an interesting experiment. By the way how did the little guys react to the immunizations they must have had to undergo at the White Sands Spacebase? Did they bring some of their own vaccines from Elsewhere for the benefit of visitors to that planet. Do they have hypodermics that inject medicines painlessly or do they still rely on the needle? Wouldn't their little doctors and nurses look cute attending the yearly Medical and Nursing conventions here in the States? Wonder how our medics would look attending a similar convention on Elsewhere? (Move over, boy, here come a couple of those monsters from Terra.) Well, anyway let's get back to the sightseeing tour. A trip on the DSR busses and streetcars may not be a pleasure but at least it would be an experience to make them better appreciate the public transportation system of Elsewhere. When it comes to sightseeing, in Detroit alone there are enough places to show them to keep them occupied for several weeks, not to mention trips to other places in Michigan. The Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island would probably knock themselves out and gladly foot the bill just to have them as guests. Think the sight of a well built little woman in a bikini bathing suit would cause many stares at that swank swimming pool on the hotel grounds? However, it might be better if came unannounced. Then there would be less adulation and public interest, but they could mingle with the people without being in any danger of being mauled by eager autograph hounds and souvenir hunters. If people thought they were midgets, they'd only give them passing glances, but if they knew them to be flying Saucerians they'd need a police escort. (By any chance could this sort of thing already be going on? Are there small people circulating around as tourists under the protective watchful eyes of their hosts? If so, could you make arrangements to send some out our way?) If they were known to be Saucerians, this would put them in the visiting celebrity class. If they want to see Detroiters as they really live, it would be hardly possible as visiting celebrities. Whoever heard of celebrities riding on the DSR busses, or feeding bears at the Zoo, or eating hamburgers at an S&C Diner?



The Children's Zoo, on Belle Isle is one of the few of its kind in this country, but visiting celebrities seldom see it. They are usually taken of a gay round of nightclubs and swanky bars, often ending up at the Penobscot Club. We could do that, too, but there is more to Detroit than its bars, no matter what you may have heard to the contrary. Mr. Scully, and any intelligent tourists would want to ~~xxx~~ see the city as it really is. If there is any chance of any of the already conditioned public getting in on Project Interplanetary Goodwill please consider us seriously. We could both accomodate two of the little people 36-42 inches and one of the gnomelike characters 23 inches, or a family of three, two adults and one child, ~~about~~ at our respective homes. Our families are already conditioned to receive and welcome them as long as they eat the same food as we do. Our parents are both ~~x~~ excellent cooks, and I, Morris, who was once a housewife, can still concoct some tasty dishes. After all, Mr. Scully, how conditioned can you get? Here we are begging the only person we feel has the power to do this, because he helped to condition us and we, in turn, are responsible for the conditioning of about forty people apiece. From the entire night staff at Herman Kiefer Hospital, to our families and close friends and to any and all characters that we have more than a nodding acquaintanceship with, including several instructors at Wayne University and the staff of the Detroit Collegian. We feel that you are in a position to get our plea to those who can decide and act upon it, because after the night of April 25th there was a definite indication that someone on the West Coast was in on it. And why not Frank Scully whose book helped start the ball of public conditioning rolling? We feel that you are in on it because you still seem to possess your sanity. If any of us had had the information that you received from Dr. Gee more than two years ago, and had not been let in on the secret, we would now be butting our heads against the walls of padded cells from sheer frustration (We are pretty close to it already) or we would be shouting diatribes at the government for withholding such information from the people. You are doing neither. Why not? Simple; Scully is now in on the act and contributing his own ~~contribution~~ efforts toward the successful climax of Project Little Men: Public Acceptance. The first concrete suggestion of your position came to us on the night of April 25th after watching Tales of Tomorrow ABC-TV. On that show, a few moments before 9:45 PM, those of us who watched, saw what we sincerely believe to be the body of one of the crew members removed from the first grounded saucer, Aztec, N.M., displayed to the public with full blessing of the FCC. The first half of the show went very closely to the circumstances reported to you by Dr. Gee - from the testing of the ship to the pushing open of the porthole and door. When that little man was brought out of that rigged up saucer, on a pallet that looked very much like a padded morgue slab, we found it unnecessary to doubt Dr. Gee. For he tallied perfectly to the description you were given. From his size, he was about three feet tall, to the style of uniform. It did look similar to the tight jackets and breeches affected by Gay Nineties dandies. (We checked, to be sure, in the historical books of the Detroit Public Library.) The most significant thing about him was the way in which his face was made up. It was covered with a heavy white mask like makeup, except for two dark circles under his eyes. If this little man was a living midget or a stuffed prop, why would it have been necessary to cover his face with that white paint? If his face was burned chocolate brown, then the white paint would be needed. Although the members of the ~~seeth~~ said he was breathing, we did not get enough of a chance to



see him draw breath. The power of suggestion being what it is, anyone watching could have thought that he was alive because the members of the cast said he was. Although he was small, his body was well developed with wide shoulders and a small waist and slim hips. He appeared to have hair but I am not certain about that because the full significance of his appearance did not fall upon me until he was out of vision. (Morris, hope that these little guys do have hair because we have already got enough bald headed men around. ~~already~~ If you should happen to be bald, Mr. Scully, do not take this as a personal offense. It is only a feminine observation.) The second half of the show could have been written by the little men themselves. It was so ridiculous that only a person with a well developed sense of humor could have thought up such a plot. Brainy bacteria! When bacteria are capable of transmitting brain waves, I shall go back to the jungle, find myself a tree and roost there with the apes because there ain't gonna be much future for mankind then. That bacteria are capable of great harm to humanity could have been the underlying theme of the show, but it would have taken Sherlock Holmes to find it. However the story was well put together and the unsuspecting probably have not yet realized that it was a signal to a good many people that there was more to flying saucers than the general public knew. Since I have seen that show I've been blowing my stack, out of complete and utter frustration. To know that there is a big deal going on but being on the outside of it, is enough to make an imaginative person physically ill. If this doesn't break soon, or if I don't get in on the act, medical science will soon be puzzling over one of the first saucer shaped ulcers in history. It's just like standing in front of an opaque door, watching the figures move around behind the clouded glass. The watcher knows that they're there and he has a fairly good idea of what they are doing, but he can't open the door to join them nor can he see clearly enough to distinguish their features. Of course, he could always break the glass, but maybe it's a special unbreakable kind, immune to all damage except small meteors, that has been especially imported from Elsewhere, to keep nosey people, Russians, perhaps, from seeing too much. So what does the watcher do? He ~~contacts those who~~ attempts to get in touch with those who may be in a position to open the door for him or tell him that all his powers of logical and deductive reasoning have led him to a dead end. ("You'll have to wait, girlie, til we're damn good and ready to tell the secret. We ain't got no use for a nosey woman, even if she does think that she may be able to contribute to Project Interplanetary Goodwill, by offering any writing skill she may have toward bridging the gap between two worlds, using the power of contemporary language and an understanding of human nature to help cement friendship between people of two, maybe more?, planets. Whatever the results of this letter, it had to be sent. Whether you answer it or not, be assured that it was written in heartfelt sincerity by persons who would gladly devote her life to working as an interplanetary goodwill ambassador or correspondent. It is no easy thing to work full time, go full time to college, and keep an eye on the welfare of a growing child, a future space cadet, but to a person with a real goal in life it is possible and they do it. My goal in life is very real to me. I am going to try my best to become an interplanetary journalist. I want to be one of the writers of the copy that will be needed to insure the success of Project Interplanetary Goodwill, rather than to be just one of the many readers of such copy. As the writer of this letter is no space happy adolescent, but is



a twenty five year old woman, who has had quite a bit of experience in living, and who has the self confidence-conceit, if you will- to think that she can offer a considerable amount of help to those in this most important project. I have been following closely all saucer reports and a good many other so-called unrelated factors in compiling the information that gives me the reason to think that you, Mr. Scully, are in a position to answer the questions put to you at the beginning of this letter. There are several of us who believe sincerely that the government is conditioning us to accept interplanetary communication within a very reasonable length of time. Although Henderson and I are people of widely divergent interests, in this we speak with one voice. Even though Morris is doing the actual writing of this letter Henderson agrees with everything in it. He, too, is willing to offer everything in his power to help make this friendship project a successful endeavor. (Although he isn't too crazy about hitchhiking barefoot to Los Angeles, he would prefer to ride a bicycle.)

We believe that you are now working on this project because of your theatrical connections. Tales of Tomorrow is a fairly new show. It is less than a year old, but in this time it has risen to a high place of popularity with TV viewers. Much of this is due to the excellent and well known actors and actresses who appear on the show. We believe that you have had a hand in the casting of these parts. We also believe that Tales of Tomorrow is, itself, a part of the conditioning process now being employed by the government. On that fateful show of April 25th there was an award given to the director and sponsor for 'the excellent work that they have done in bringing to the public the latest in scientific advancements.' This award was given by the VFW in conjunction with the May first Loyalty Day observances. So, naturally, I thought, May 1st being a big day in Russian political history, that the story was going to break then. It seemed so logical. It would have been a fine time to deliver a powerful kick in the teeth to Russia. Burning with the fever of this deduction, I batted out a long letter to Ray Courage, staff writer on the Detroit Free Press, who had asked for it as a result of a telephone conversation with him concerning that show. In it were all the observations and reasons for thinking as I do about the true nature of Project Saucer and Little Men, starting with my faith in you and your book. Ray told me that he thinks that I'm crazy for believing your book and that you must have been rocky when you wrote it. As one rockhead to another, let's get together, you, Henderson, some of the little men, and I and pay Mr. Courage a visit, when this thing is splashed all over the front pages of every paper in the country. I, personally, would take great pleasure in thumbing my nose at him and you could hit him over the head with a copy of your book. Henderson could stand aside and explain to the little men that this was an old American custom called 'winning a bet' or 'Revenge'. They should see a lot of that sort of thing if they are in circulation during the week following the national election. Not only did I write to Mr. Courage, but I sent the original of the enclosed manuscript to the following address: PROJECT LITTLE MEN: PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE

(FORMERLY PROJECT SAUCER)

PENTAGON BUILDING

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL

It has never been returned and it had plenty of return postage. It may be laying in a dead letter basket but it had a return address on it, so that isn't likely. How many other such manuscripts or letters were sent to a like address? How many letters have been sent to Tales of Tomorrow beginning: